

THE EXAMINER.

"PROVE ALL THINGS; HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."

LOUISVILLE, KY.: SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1848.

VOLUME II.

THE EXAMINER;
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The Dead Sea Expedition.

From private letters which have been shown to the editor of the Boston Transcript, it appears that the Dead Sea exploring party have successfully and satisfactorily completed their task, and returned to Jerusalem, where they were on the 19th of May. They have sounded the sea in all its parts, to the depth of 50 fathoms, and found the bottom crystallized salt. The pestilential effects attributed to the waters turn out to be fabulous. Ducks were seen skimming over the surface and parrades abounded along the shore.—The party were upon the sea in their boats or encamped on its borders for some two months, and their researches and estimates have been of the most thorough and interesting character. All were in excellent health and spirits, no sickness or accident having occurred. By the Arabs they had been received and uniformly treated with the utmost kindness and attention. The Syrians consider "the men of the Jordan," as they call them, the greatest heroes of the day. Lieutenant Dale will visit under the most favorable circumstances all the places made memorable in Scripture history; and we may expect from them a highly interesting account of their explorations of the Dead Sea and their adventures in the Holy Land.

Gutta Percha.

The trade in Gutta Percha seems to be advancing in importance every day, and to be exceeding the value of the natures of the Indian Archipelago in the estimation of other powers.

The quantity imported into Singapore in the first four months of the year, according to the official reports, was upwards of 700 tons, equal to 820 cwt. which is, however, short of the actual supply. The price had risen from 12 to 20 dollars. It is said that the American Largest Tin Company have secured the monopoly of the Salangor territory for two years for the sum of 30,000 dollars.

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JOHN H. HEYWOOD,
NOBLE BUTLER,
EDITORS.

J. C. VAUGHAN, Corresponding Editor.

LOUISVILLE: AUGUST 12, 1848.

We send, occasionally, a number of the Examiner to persons who are not subscribers, in the hope, that by a perusal of it, they may be induced to subscribe.

William Penn.

Near the centre of the city of Philadelphia, writes one, may be seen the spot where Penn made his treaty with the Indians. It is in a narrow lane; the granite monument recording the bloody deed is in a ship yard. No railing encloses it, and it is surrounded by rubbish. The inscription upon it reads thus:—

Treaty Ground of

W. M. PENN
and the
Indian Nations
1682.

Unbroken Faith.'

Penn founded
1681

'By deeds of Peace.'

Wm. Penn
Born 1644. Died 1718.

Placed by the Pa. Society.

A. D. 1827

To mark

The Site of

The Great Elm Tree.

Simply said! And how else should great deeds be described? "This," said Voltaire, "was the only treaty ever made without blood, and the only one that never was broken!" And should this memorial lie thus in obscurity? It should stand out to be seen of all men, and Pennsylvania should point to it, as one of the proudest monuments of which the world can boast.

Work On.

If we would prosper and go on prospering, we must be up and at work! There is no such thing as standing still. There is no such thing as prospering when labor is repressed in any way. The individual or State must sink if each individual or State feels or believes that work, steady, intelligent work, is degrading.

And do not the facts—do not actual results—prove this to be true?

Beyond all question! Let me see if we cannot make this clear to all. Suppose we take the new States of the Union, and compare them—the progress of the Free with the progress of the Slave. This certainly will give us very nearly the truth, especially as we know that Slavery degrades labor, on the one hand, and that Freedom, on the other, dignifies it. And to make this comparison altogether favorable, we will take Missouri—so favored in position, so rich in mineral resources, so abounding in fertile soil:

Sq. miles. Pop. in 1810. Pop. in 1847.
Missouri, 69,000 20,845 600,000
Illinoian, 59,500 12,292 735,000
Indiana, 36,000 24,520 960,000
Michigan, 36,000 4,762 320,000

Increase in 37 years.

2,778

57,165

712,718

5,803

935,420

3,890

315,238

6,630

Here the slave State lags behind the free—Illinois, without a tithe of the natural advantage of Missouri, without one great city; Michigan, away in the frozen North, with inferior advantages of climate and soil; Illinois, dependent in part upon her; all, distance Missouri. The slave State has no canals, no railroads, no beginning even of a system of internal improvements—no common school system. She grows more hemp, more tobacco, than all else in the essentials of human progress and human happiness, she is far behind the new States of the West.

The agricultural products show the same result. See—

Wheat.

Missouri, 1,325,000

15,225,000

\$75,000

Illinoian, 4,562,000

25,554,000

2,631,000

Indiana, 7,074,000

30,625,000

2,680,000

Michigan, 7,067,000

4,945,000

4,555,000

In proportion to population the free States are far in the advance. They work hard; but "advance" is written upon all their acts. They toll incessantly; but in all they do, "growth" is seen. As years pass, the temple of freedom rises higher and higher, and in it are gathered all the means of human happiness; and there, too, is the certainty of seeing in years to come a larger amount of prosperity and progress. But the slave State are stationary or retrograding; everywhere slavery is resisting or destroying; weakening or corrupting; and in process of time, if continued, will leave scarce a monument to tell of its existence.

Let us look to it. Let us try and infuse into our new constitution the vitality and energy which freedom alone can impart. Let us emancipate by constitutional means the slaves among us. Let us do justice to them and to ourselves, and our future will be brighter, better for the bond, and we be blest in giving.

Look on It.

There is no possible view we can take of slavery—no consideration of policy or of principle which does not deepen and strengthen our convictions of its mind and its injustice.

Its effects upon mind we have fully considered, though the importance of the topic will admit of repetition.

No poor man, under ordinary circumstances, and no poor man's children, even under favorable circumstances, as a general rule, can receive a good English education in any slave State. In some of our cities, this is not so. In Louisville and in New Orleans much is done for education. But in the slave States, as a whole, while laboring men and their children are, comparatively, untaught, and live and die without receiving the blessings of education. What more grievous wrong than this? Say not that society is not in fault. It is in fault and cannot be excused. Let slavery go then, rather than the common mind should be neglected—left to grow—it may—live without knowing its powers, or how to use them!

Its effects upon our common progress we have dwelt upon, but this consideration is as essential as to demand frequent notice. What is government? Not a machine! Not a stock to be moved or not, as a few may demand? It is, if a good or wise government, a creative power—creative as regards the wants of the people who live under it—creative in all its action, and so much so as to anticipate such wants, to prepare always and steadily for larger progress and wider growth. What is a State? Not the land of which it is composed? Not the rivers, and lakes, and plains, and hills, which lie within its limits? It is the institutions of a country which make a State, which stamp it with a name, which give it character, vitality, expansion, durability. If the government and the laws, in the constitution of a State, mar men's happiness, degrade labor, dishearten or destroy the hopes of the masses, then are they despicable, be they ever so free in name. Where, if this be true, is there good government in the South? Where a prosperous State? Is one, and in all the slave States, the few only are well cared for; the few only educated; the few only furnished with means of advancement; the few only properly protected. There is no such thing, therefore, as pro-

gress. Slavery regards the masses; tramples them down into the dust, and keeps them there.

Its effects upon material advance are notoriously bad—bad beyond the power of any man to depict.

In the free States, the free man finds material things a means only of happiness. He uses them all. There is not a product of earth, nor a power of water, nor a breath of air which he does not bend to his will. The steam engine, panting and puffing, as it works up the raw material, or which the traveler from point to point: the water-power, making the whole world tributary;—what are these, but the ministers of free labor? What are they but means of wealth and happiness? They are the results of free labor; they belong to it; and free labor, therefore, builds up great and populous States and cities, and great and prosperous people. In the South slaves are our laborers, and where are we? The water-current runs to waste as they dash through our wild wilderness lands. We need not shun nor steam to our will, and yet we are not able to yield us wealth, or give us power. None of these things do we! But instead, we work three millions of slaves, irresponsible, ignorant, indifferent, idle, and not a year, not a month, not a day, which does not sink us lower and lower in power, which does not extort our poverty, and weaken our vitality.

These are advantages in traveling by the stage-coach. Railroad traveling has many charms when the object is merely to go. The locomotive almost has the power that, according to some of the old schoolmen, belonged to the angels—that of going from point to point without passing through space. While in the railroad car you have little opportunity of looking at beautiful scenery. Splendid views往往 before us; but it seems the only object of animate and inanimate beings to get out of the way as fast as possible. Beast and bird, and brook, all have the appearance of alarm, as the fiery demon at the head of the train—snorting and raging, dashes by them. Everything "clears the way" as it approaches. The sound which at first appeared to you a confused rattling, shapes itself into articulate speech, and you hear the wheels calling out, "Vanish! Vanish! Vanish! Vanish!" as all the world hastens to obey the order. You feel as if you were whirled along in the car of Destiny, and were to insignificant to have a will. At last the demon utters a savage yell because he is obliged to stop; and when the sound passes from your ears, you find that everything on the way has passed from your mind.

But in the stage coach, you feel that your eyes were made for something else than to be the receptacle of cinders from a locomotive. We and the school is one of the best in the whole country. The principal, Mr. E. E. Barney, is one of the most intelligent gentlemen I have ever met, and his whole soul is devoted to the cause in which he is engaged. The boy's school of Mr. Williams has a very high reputation, which I have no doubt is well deserved.

There's here a hydraulic canal, which brings the waters of Mad river to the numerous manufacturing establishments, which are in a highly flourishing state, and consists of 7 Oil Mills, 5 machine shops, 4 flour mills, 4 iron founders, 2 wool factories, 2 brass founders, 2 turning and sawing machines, 1 edge tool factory, 1 cast and pig factory, 1 soap factory, 1 stretching machine factory, 1 manufactory of wool machinery, 1 plowing machine, 1 gun-barrel manufactory, 1 sugar saw, and one corn mill.

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This city has great educational advantages.

The Cooper Female Academy is a fine edifice, and the school is one of the best in the whole country.

The work is published in good style.

Our readers will remember that, some time ago, we gave an extract of considerable length from this work, the manuscript of which had been placed in our hands. We believe that all who read the extract agreed with us in the high opinion we expressed of its merits. Mr. Nourse has shown himself a gentleman of great talents and attainments, and Kentuckians should be proud of him. This book will be read throughout this State at least. Those who have read "The Past and its Legacies" are sure that its author could not write anything unworthy of the public school edifices are fine buildings.

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Sympathy,
By W. STEPHEN GLASSON.

The odor that apts.
From the ruddy wings,
Of the rose in its blooming hour,
When the light of morn,
Bids its bloom return,
Hath a far less healing power
Than a kind word breathed,
With a sweet smile wreathed,
When the light of fate looks dark;
For lighteth up
Sorrow's addled cup
With a soul-reviving spark.

O! Nature! how flowers
For her summer hours,
And dewa for each twilight's fall;
While over the Earth
Strews her in air mirth,
And sympathy flows from all.
The human's wild to
On the boulding spray
Hath a sound to Sorrow dear;
And the joys of Hope
Brought every drop
Of dew on the opening ear.

There's a soothin' balm
On the moonlite's calm;
There's peace in the midnight hour;
There's a golden beam
Over wood and stream;
And a glory gilds each flower.
While only frail Man
In the wondrous plan
Hath his Creator at nought;
Love's feelings glow not,
Sympathy flows not,
Deep in his heart it aught.

O! Man! there is not
In the fairest spot
On the earth or the living sea,
A work more grand
From Jehovah's hand.
Or a rarer gem than thee.
There should thy heart
From its earthly coil,
Or a kindly spirit resign!
Suffer for awhile;
Be patient and smile;
For a blessed hope is thine.

A Tale of the Carbonari
(from the GERMAN CHRISTMAS EVE.)

A French officer, a man of ardent but gloomy temperament, formerly attached to the staff of General Moreau, had quitted the service after the court-martial instituted at Paris against his General. He had not been personally compromised in the conspiracy, but being strongly tainted with republican principles, he left France at the first foundation of Napoleon's empire, and went on his travels; making no secret however of his abhorrence for the chiefs of an absolute government, and glorying in the name of a malcontent.

After having traveled for some years in Greece, Germany, and Italy, this officer, (whom I shall call Colonel D'Aguesseau) established himself in a village of the Venetian Tyrol, where his moderate fortune and quiet simple habits enabled him to enjoy a life of retirement.

He had little or no communication with his neighbors, but gave himself up to the study of natural history, and to other scientific pursuits; casting from his mind the stormy subject of politics, and in fact living a life of literary leisure.

About this time the secret society of the Carbonari was making rapid progress in the Italian States, even to the shores of the Adriatic. Many inhabitants of the village in which Colonel D'Aguesseau had fixed his habitation were zealous members of this secret association, and longed to enrol their taciturn and mysterious neighbor among their body; being fully aware of the French officer's implacable enmity to the imperial government, and to "the great destroyer of liberty," as he called him, who was at its head.

These crafty Italians accordingly devised a plan by which, without arousing the suspicions of the Colonel, they might effect their object; and for that purpose they agreed to form a hunting party, which was accidentally, as it were, to fall in with D'Aguesseau in some of his solitary rambles.

The project was successful, the meeting was effected, and little inducement was necessary to draw out the opinions of the French officer, when he found himself surrounded by the worshippers of liberty, which was still his own idol, whose magic name still thrilled through his heart; and made the memories of youth spring up freshly before him.

This meeting was followed by others whence ensued the desired and expected result. The melancholy recluse now felt his bosom glow with the delightful sensation of brotherhood in sentiment. The next step was to accede to the proposal of the now confessed Carbonari to join their ranks; and he did so with an enthusiastic pleasure that had long been for him an unknown feeling.

The symbols of the order, with the tokens of brotherhood, were easily acquired, and the oaths were soon after taken. They consisted in an engagement to be at any moment at the disposal of the society, and to die rather than betray their secret.

From the time of his affiliation, the Colonel's outward mode of life continued as usual; but he secretly awaited the moment of action, when he should be called upon by his brethren to assist personally in the great cause.

The enterprising character of the Venetian Tyrol offers a strong contrast to the indolent nature of their countrymen in Southern Italy. Like the latter, however, they are extremely suspicious, and fearfully revengeful.

Soon after D'Aguesseau had been thoroughly enrolled in the society, some of its members began to look on him as a dangerous person, and one likely to betray their secrets. Many affirmed that the fact of his being a Frenchman was alone sufficient to make him an object of suspicion, and as the police were known to be more on the alert than usual in their efforts to unmask the conspirators, they maintained that it behaved them to put the new member to other tests besides the simple formalities of taking the oath.

of obedience and patience was alone the object, he returned home. This opinion was confirmed, when a few days after, a similar mysterious communication and orders were followed, on his obedience, by the like result.

A third command, after another short lapse of time, was issued, and obeyed by the Colonel; whose perseverance was still not exhausted, after many hours' attendance at the appointed spot.

At length just before daybreak, D'Aguesseau could distinguish in the distance the clashing of weapons, and a sudden impulse seized him to advance in the direction from whence the sounds proceeded. They appeared to become fainter as he approached; and at last, by the struggling dawn, he could perceive that a fearful crime, even that of murder, had been committed. A man lay before him bathed in blood, and the Colonel saw, with horror, that two murderous-looking ruffians stood over the body! On advancing, however, with the boldness of his nature, to seize the assassins, they darted away with the speed of lightning, through the thick foliage, and were soon lost to pursuit.

The Colonel immediately returning stooped down to examine the body, and found that the unfortunate victim still breathed. On raising him in his arms, however, four gens-d'armes appeared on the spot, and the dying man, making a last effort to speak muttered some words as to his assassin, pointing out D'Aguesseau, as he spoke, to the notice of the officers of justice. Immediately two of the gens-d'armes seized the Colonel, and bound his arms; the other two supporting the apparently breathless corpse of the murdered man.

D'Aguesseau was now hurried on to a distant village where he was conducted to the house of a magistrate, and, after undergoing a private examination, was immediately sent to prison.

Pitiable, indeed, was the situation of this brave man, thus wrongfully suspected, and deprived of liberty, in a strange country, without friends, and not daring to appeal to his own government, on account of his well-known opinions. Appearances were all against him, and apparently corroborated by the testimony of the dying man.

D'Aguesseau's firm soul shrunk not, however, from looking into his horrible and hopeless position, and he had already resigned himself to meet, as a man and a Christian, a horrible but undeserved fate.

Meanwhile a special commission had been assembled before which the Colonel was commanded to appear; but he could only repeat the testimony which he had advanced before the first magistrate, and which had failed in bringing to his mind a conviction of the defendant's innocence.

Upon the Colonel's solemn avowement of total ignorance of the murder, he was asked how it occurred that he was found armed, at midnight, and in a lonely wood? D'Aguesseau could only answer, that he was conscious appearances were against him, but that he could not explain the circumstances that had led to his being in such a position at such an hour.

His mystery and silence on this point appeared to condemn him irrevocably in the minds of the commissioners, who unanimously found him guilty, and passed sentence of death on him; remanding him to prison until the execution of the sentence, which was to be carried into effect in a few hours, justice being rather summary at that period in those parts. A priest was introduced into the convict's cell, whom the Colonel received politely, but to whom he declined confessing.

At length the executioner entered to lead the prisoner to the scaffold; but, on the way to the place of execution the mournful procession was stopped by a Colonel of gendarmes.

This man was known by the name of Boizart, and was the terror of all evil-doers in Italy. He was a person whom every one knew by repute. His name was familiar to Colonel D'Aguesseau, but he had never before seen the person who bore it.

Boizart, having commanded a halt, took the prisoner aside into a private apartment of the court-house, near which he had met the train, and thus addressed him:

"You see, my friend, that everything is against you, no one can save you from imminent death but myself. I will do, but, up to one condition. I know you are one of the Carbonari. Name your brother-conspirators, and the nature of their dark machinations, and your life shall be spared, as the reward of your information."

"I will not!" answered D'Aguesseau firmly.

"Consider well: life is precious!"

"I will not!" repeated the Frenchman.

"Lead me on to the place of punishment while I am still an innocent man!"

The procession again moved on; they reached the scaffold, where the executioner was already prepared for his fatal office. D'Aguesseau mounted the ladder with a firm step, Colonel Boizart following, imploring him to save his own life, by revealing even the names of his brethren without their secret; but he was inexorable.

"Never!" said the brave man, kneeling down to receive the death-blow.

Immediately the scene changed! Boizart, the executioner, the gens-d'armes, the priests, the spectators, all advanced, admiration in their hearts, exclamations on their lips. They bore the hero in triumph from the scaffold, all having played their parts to perfection! The assassins of the wood, their victim, the judge, and all, having been a deception! The most suspicious among the Carbonari were now convinced that there existed at least one man, and he a brother, who carried his sense of honor to the highest pitch, and esteemed life itself of no value, in comparison with the sacredness of an oath!

Limerick Grand Juries.

If the following anecdote be characteristic of the habits of the Limerick gentry at a former period, it must be admitted that they stood much in need of the temperance reformation. Standish O'Grady (afterwards Lord Guillemore) asked O'Connell to accompany him to the play one evening, during the Limerick assizes in 1812. O'Connell declined, observing that the Limerick grand juries were not the pleasantest folks in the world to meet after dinner. O'Grady went, but very soon returned. "Dan," said he, "you are quite right. I had not been five minutes in the box, when some ten or a dozen noisy gentlemen came into it. It was small and crowded; and as I observed that one of the party had his head quite close to the peg on which I had hung my hat, I said, very politely, 'I hope, sir, my hat does not inconvenience you; if it does, pray allow me to remove it.' 'Faith,' said he, 'you may be sure it does not inconvenience me; if it did, d—n me, but I'd have kicked it out of the box, and yourself after it!' So, let the worldly juror should change his mind as to the necessity of such a vigorous incense, I quietly put my hat on, and took myself off.—*D'auant's Personal Recollections of O'Connell.*

The Colonel obeyed these commands to the letter; was exact to the hour; and remained at the spot until daybreak; when, concluding from his not having seen any one or heard anything particular, that a test

The Model Wife.

She never comes down to breakfast in curl papers. She does not grumble if her husband brings a friend home to dinner, even if there is nothing in the house. She does not remonstrate if her husband puts his feet on the steel-fender, or cry if he does not wipe his boots upon the door-mat. She subscribes to no circulating library, and if she reads a novel she falls asleep over it. She is proficient in pica, and has a deep knowledge of puddings. She never talks politics, or wish that she was dead, or 'a man'; or slam the door, or shut herself up in the bed-room on a nervous headache.—She is very slow in tears, and a stout heretic to hysteria. She is not above descending into the kitchen to get something warm for supper. She allows a fire in the bedroom on a winter night. She has a quick eye for dust, but does not marry her husband with continual complaints about the servants, nor worry herself to death for a man in livery, or a page in buttons. She can walk, and without shoes or a Jeanne to follow her. She prefers table-beer to wine, and does not faint at the idea of grog, or, in fact, faint at all. She never sees that it is necessary to go out of town for the dear children's health'. It is true that she follows the fashions, but then it is at several years' distance. She has the smallest possible affection for jewelry, and makes the sweet children's frocks out of her old dresses. She is very 'delicate', and would scorn to send for the doctor because she is a 'little low.' She never tells her husband when any of her friends have got a new bonnet, or exclaims with enthusiasm that she saw 'such a lovely cashmere in the city yesterday,' and then rhapsodizes on the smallness of the price. She never opens her husband's letters, and preserves her wedding gown with a girlish reverence. She is not miserable if she stays in town on the Ascot day, nor do penance in the back parlor if she does not go out of town when the season is over. She mends stockings, and makes unexceptionable preserves and pickles. She does not refuse to go out with her husband because she has'nt a good gown. She asks for money sparingly, and would sooner 'eat her head off' than make anything out of the house-keeping. She always dresses for dinner. She never hides the latch-key. She rarely flirts, and it makes her giddy to waltz, even with an officer.

The Model Wife always sits up for her husband, to the most unremittant hours; and, still she does not look black, or say 'he's killing her,' though she should bring daylight with him, or even come home with the 'milk.' She hangs over the little bit of fire, watching the mantel-piece clock, alarmed by every sound, jumping up at every cab, sniveling and sleepy, her only companions during the long night the mice in the cupboard, or a stray black beetle; her only occupation the restless fear lest her husband should not come home safe. She cries sometimes, but never before him; and above all—hear it, all ye wives of England!—she does not Caudle Lecture him when he gets inside the curtains and knows there is no escape for him!—*Punch.*

Society in France and England.

The grand source of the difference between the good society of Franco and England is, that, in the former country, men have nothing but society to attend to; whereas, in the latter, almost all who are considerable for rank or talents are continually engrossed with politics. They have no leisure, therefore, for society, in the first place, in the second place, if they do enter it at all, they are apt to regard it as a scene rather of relaxation than of exertion; and finally, they naturally acquire those habits of thinking and talking which are better adapted to carry on business and debate than to enliven people assembled for amusement. English men of condition have still to perform the high duties of citizens and statesmen, and can only rise to eminence by dedicating their days and nights to the study of business and affairs; to the arts of influencing those with whom, and by whom they are to act, and to the actual management of those strenuous contentions by which the government of a free state is perpetually embarrassed and preserved. In France, on the contrary, under the old monarchy, men of the first rank had no political functions to discharge; no control to exercise over the government, and no right to assert, either for themselves or their fellow-subjects. They were either left, therefore, to solace their idleness with the frivolous enchantments of polished society, or, if they had any object of public ambition, were driven to pursue it by the mediation of those favorites or mistresses who were most likely to be won by the charms of an elegant address, or the assiduities of a skilful flatterer. It is to this lamentable inferiority in the government of their country that the French are indebted for the superiority of their polite assemblies. Their saloons are better filled than ours, because they have no Senate to fill out of their population; and their conversation is more sprightly, and their society more animated than ours, because there is no other outlet for the talents and ingenuity of the nation but society and conversation. Our parties of pleasure on the other hand, are mostly led by beardless youths and superannuated idlers; not because our men want talents or taste to adorn them, but because their ambition, and their sense of public duty, have dedicated them to a higher service. When we lose our constitution, when the houses of Parliament are shut up, our assemblies, we have no doubt, will be far more animated and rational. It would be easy to leave to the prime of life to provide a comfortable nest and proper food for their offspring which they are never destined to see, death overtaking them before they can enjoy the pleasure of beholding their future family. Many timid animals that shrink from danger while they are single and alone, become bold and pugnacious when surrounded by their young. Thus, the domestic hen will face any danger and encounter any foe in order to protect her brood of chickens; and the lark and linnet will allow themselves to be taken in their nest rather than desert the young which lie protected between the deadly musket and her helpless offspring. But this feeling in animals lasts only for a season. After they have nourished and brought up their young, and these go out from their parents, all further ties between them are broken up, and they know each other no more. How different is this from human connexions! The fond mother watches over the long and helpless period of infancy, instils into early childhood lessons of wisdom and virtue, and feels her hopes and affections increase with every year that brings an increase of reason. Nor are such family ties severed but with death. The child on its part, returns the care and affection of its parents, and when old age and second childhood come upon them, the children then feel it their greatest happiness to repay in acts of kindness and attention the debt of gratitude which is justly due. What a moral beauty is thus thrown over the common instinctive affections, and how greatly superior appears man's nature to that of the mere brute!—*British Quarterly.*

Affection for Offspring in Brutes and Men.

One of the strongest feelings of animals is that of affection for their offspring, and indeed no intense is this impulse among the greater number, that it may be said to exceed the care which they employ for their own preservation, or the indulgence of their own appetites. Among insects and some other of the inferior tribes the care and solicitude of their young engrosses the better half of their existence, for they labor during the prime of life to provide a comfortable nest and proper food for their offspring which they are never destined to see, death overtaking them before they can enjoy the pleasure of beholding their future family. An acute observer of animal habits has remarked that a jackdaw, which, for want of its usual place of abode, had for its nest made choice of a rabbit hole, was often sorely perplexed in what way to get the long sticks of which its nest was to be formed, drawn within the narrow entrance. Again and again did it attempt to pull in the piece of stick, while it held it in the middle of its bill, and it was only after a series of vain efforts that, by mere chance, it at last accomplished its object, by happening to seize it near one end instead of the centre. In this case it appeared to the observer that the building instincts of this bird were complete and perfect within a certain range, but without the limits of this circle it had no deliberative foresight to guide its actions.—*British Quarterly.*

Correspondent of the Literary Gazette.

Blame to Public Speakers.

A relaxed throat is usually caused, not so much by exercising the organ, as by the kind of exercise; that is, not so much by long or loud speaking, as by speaking in a forced voice. I am not sure that I shall understand in this statement; but there is not one person, I may say, in ten thousand who, in addressing a body of people, does so in his natural voice; and this habit is more especially observable in the pulpit. I believe that relaxation of the throat results from violent efforts in these affected tones, and that severe irritation, and often ulceration, is the consequence. The labor of a whole day's duty in church is nothing, in point of labor, compared with the performance of one of Shakespeare's leading characters; nor, I should suppose, with many of the very great displays made by our leading statesmen in the houses of Parliament. I am confident as to the first, and feel very certain that the disorder which you designate as the "Clergyman's Sore Throat," is attributable generally to the mode of speaking, and not to the length of time, or violence of effort that may be employed. I have known several of my former contemporaries on the stage suffer from sore throat, which they are single and alone, become bold and pugnacious when surrounded by their young. Thus, the domestic hen will face any danger and encounter any foe in order to protect her brood of chickens; and the lark and linnet will allow themselves to be taken in their nest rather than desert the young which lie protected between the deadly musket and her helpless offspring. But this feeling in animals lasts only for a season. After they have nourished and brought up their young, and these go out from their parents, all further ties between them are broken up, and they know each other no more. How different is this from human connexions! The fond mother watches over the long and helpless period of infancy, instils into early childhood lessons of wisdom and virtue, and feels her hopes and affections increase with every year that brings an increase of reason. Nor are such family ties severed but with death. The child on its part, returns the care and affection of its parents, and when old age and second childhood come upon them, the children then feel it their greatest happiness to repay in acts of kindness and attention the debt of gratitude which is justly due. What a moral beauty is thus thrown over the common instinctive affections, and how greatly superior appears man's nature to that of the mere brute!—*British Quarterly.*

To the training Arbiter.

The mallow sunflower floweth down,
Golden and wide on these warm swells,
Covered with all their heads of brown,
And over all, in the clear shells,

The blue haze breeds in silence.

Wandering here,
In the deep stillness of this April day,
Sweet flower once more

I find these trailing all thy rosy bella

Among the pale brown leaves of the last year.

'Tis luxury now, in this genial time,
To feel the warm air play.

O'er my brow it was wont of yore.

It lingers for thy gift of fragrance now.

Thus glides away,

Seeming a traitor from some Summer clime.

Which on us wide hath oped its golden door.

Of all thyselfs of the meadow far,
Widens not out under the yellow sun,

Or that in wavy fields bright dwellers are,

There is not one.

Not e'en the dewy wind-blown blue—

That overjoys the heart with beauty more,

Or sends a sweet'ner shrill the spirit through,

Than thou;